

church, still at Milan, to the altar, chanting that *Te Deum*, which has been, ever since that year, 387, the Church's song of triumphant gratitude and praise. And now Monica, and her two sons, Augustin and Navigius, are on their way to Africa, to sail from Ostia. But while they pause there a wonderful exaltation takes possession of the mother's soul. It is here that Augustin says: "She and I were standing alone, leaning upon a window, that looked into the garden of the house where we were, in that town of Ostia upon Tiber; where, retired from company and noise after the fatigue of a long journey, we were repairing our spirits for our voyage by sea; and there, we two alone discoursed together very sweetly, enquiring between ourselves in the presence of Truth, which is Thyself, what the eternal life of the saints shall be."

Five days after this transporting conversation, Monica fell ill. Swooning one day, on coming to herself she said: "Here you shall bury your mother." And when Navigius remonstrated, saying it were better to die and be buried in her own country, she checked him with her eyes—and note here the power in that mother's eyes—then turned to Augustin, saying: "Do you hear what he says?" Then looking on both: "Lay this body anywhere; be not concerned about that; only this I beg of you, that wheresoever you be, you make remembrance of me at the Lord's altar."

To how sublime a deathbed have we been admitted! To how august a council have we been called? How close to the mind of the Church have we not come when we hear Saint Augustin himself, one of the Four Latin Fathers, repeat the last injunctions of such a woman as Saint Monica! And if the mind of the Church means anything, is of any weight or authority with us, it is because the mind of the Church is the mind of God.

That noble instrument in the hands of God for the deliverance of His Church from the powers of this world, the emperor Constantine, was not a saint, nor was that Eusebius a saint who wrote the emperor's life one year after his death, the 12th of May, 337. But this life, like the other historical works of Eusebius, is worthy to give its testimony to the faith of that age. Constantine was buried in the Church of the Twelve Apostles, which he had founded; desiring, as Eusebius says, to be buried in that holy place "that he might deserve to enjoy the benefit of the mystical sacrifice and the communion of devout prayers."

His historian testifies with what ardor the people offered up their prayers to God for his soul; and furthermore describing the funeral of Constantine, he writes: "When his son Constantine had departed with his guard of soldiers, the minister of God, with the crowds and the whole multitude of the faithful, advanced into the midst and with prayers performed what pertains to divine worship. And the blessed prince, resposing high on a lofty structure, was extolled with many praises; and the whole multitude, in concert with those who ministered to God, not without tears and much lamentation, offered prayers to God for the soul of the emperor; fulfilling what was in accordance with the desires of the religious monarch."*

Saint Cyril of Jerusalem was born in or near the Holy City, about the year 315. He was ordained priest in 345 by Maximus, and forthwith began his ministrations, speaking himself his sermons every Sunday to the people, and in 350 succeeded Maximus in the See of Jerusalem. The very beginning of his episcopacy was marked by a prodigy which the saint describes in

* See Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, for the second of May; also Monsignor Capel's "Faith of Catholics." Vol. III., page 157.